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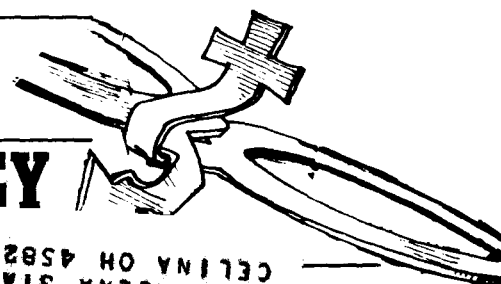
POSTPONING THE INEVITABLE

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MURRAY on JOHN GRUEN **RICHARD**
CULTURE OF UNBELIEF' **CORRESPOND**



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NEWS & VIEWS

McGovern's 'Family'

What kind of Cabinet would George McGovern put together, if he makes it to the White House? McGovern provided a tentative answer for Godfrey Sperling, Jr., national political correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*.

Senator Frank Church "would make a great secretary of state," said McGovern. And Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin "would be the kind of man I would be looking for as secretary of defense."

Senator Abraham A. Ribicoff "would be a man I would rely on heavily in my administration. He will be a key figure."

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark and former Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall were mentioned by McGovern as men he admired, and who could find places in his Cabinet.

So, too, Senator Gaylord Nelson, a "great public servant."

Former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford "would not be in the Cabinet, but would be an important adviser." Also close to a President McGovern would be Senator William Proxmire; McGovern would like him close by so he could "get his help on defense and economic matters."

As for his aides, McGovern said he "would trust Gary Hart to do almost anything"; Hart is his national campaign director. Others for his inner circle: Gordon Weil, personal assistant to the Senator and aide in the development of issues; John Holum, legislative assistant; Frank Mankiewicz, national political director; Richard G. Stearns, coordinator of the non-primary states.

Speaking more broadly, McGovern told *The Christian Science Monitor* that he will "make a point of bringing

Mexican-Americans, blacks, women, youth, the elderly—a wide variety of Americans—into key positions."

What about his running-mate? Who would be McGovern's choice for Vice President?

McGovern answered that question a few weeks earlier, at a newsman's breakfast in Washington: "A man like Governor [Reubin] Askew of Florida."

One's Own Nemesis

Richard Nixon's insistence on "respect for the Presidency" has its domestic dimension and, to be credible, must be complemented by some "respect" from the President himself—for the people, the laws, other offices of government.

That's the proposition of *Washington Post* columnist D. J. R. Bruckner. He places the Nixon home record on the scales and finds it badly out of balance.

1) Nixon campaigns in 1968 on law and order; as President he rams through Congress measures (no-knock searches, preventive detention, etc.) which erode personal protection but have not reduced crime or fear.

2) Nixon appeals for respect for law officers, but his Administration fails to prosecute anyone in the Kent State killings, or in the Chicago police killings of two Black Panthers; it has also failed to prevent the FBI from using paid informers, sometimes acting as provocateurs.

3) "It continues to prosecute pot peddlers, but it has given Jimmy Hoffa a Presidential pardon."

4) Nixon denounces student war-protestors as "bums," but receives rampa-

geous hard hats at the White House; he personally praises Washington police for arresting 10,000 people in the midst of a protest, in total disregard of legal and Constitutional protections.

5) His Administration pursues war protestors with grand juries across the country, but it drops, buries or fudges prosecution of men accused of atrocities in Vietnam.

6) "For three years the Administration has tried to circumvent court orders on school integration, and the President is now threatening to whip up a Constitutional amendment unless Congress gives him a dubious law against busing."

7) "He has tried to appoint to the Supreme Court men patently unqualified and has reproached the Senate for exercising its Constitutional mandate in rejecting them"; he has also "bitterly rejected" further advice from the American Bar Association after it disagreed with his choices.

8) His Administration refuses to let Congress audit a \$250 million public loan to Lockheed.

9) When the Nixon Administration's "hidden relations" with business are uncovered, as in the ITT case, it snags the public with "evasions and contradictions."

10) It shrouds the White House staff in Presidential privilege and makes its decisions on the war without notice to Congress; then it badmouths legislators who criticize those decisions, saying they "aid the enemy."

11) When the media reveal secrets or criticize decisions, the White House launches a campaign to destroy credibility of the media; all the while,

Nixon "uses, dominates, the broadcast media as no chief executive has ever done."

Columnist Bruckner doesn't state so explicitly, but the conclusion is implicit in his argument: if anyone is undermining "respect for the Presidency" right now in the United States, that person is Richard M. Nixon. "A President must give a little [respect] to get a little," writes Bruckner. Nixon is giving precious little.

Once a Politician . . .

Back in the news is Congressman Jamie L. Whitten, the 16-term Mississippi Democrat who, as chairman of the Agriculture Committee, helps make the legislative environment safe for the pesticides industry.

Whitten's latest contribution to the environment was to drive his 1969 Oldsmobile through a brick wall in Georgetown, after striking another car at an intersection.

"The first thing he did," Mrs. Cabot Coville told *Washington Post* staffers Donald P. Baker and Alfred E. Lewis, "was to get out of the car and begin shaking everyone's hand."

Odds and Ends

— The May/June *Columbia Journalism Review* tells what happened when the *Christian Chronicle*, a weekly out of Austin serving the strongly fundamentalist Churches of Christ, sought to provide its readership "with a counterpart to the *National Catholic Reporter*." The paper "experienced a circulation plunge from 30,000-plus to 4,000." After running through five editors in three years, editorial reform was abandoned.

— One Senate cloakroom explanation, probably facetious, as to why it took so long for the Russians to react to Nixon's mining escalation: "Because they are ruled by a committee and we by one man."

JOHN DEEDY

Lindberg/WIN/LNS



CORRESPONDENCE



Anti-Busing

Manville, N.J.

To the Editors: Your editorial and Nicolaus Mills' article "Busing: Who's Being Taken for a Ride?" [Mar. 24] inject much needed rationality into an emotional issue that has been consciously exploited by political opportunists. However, I am afraid that both the editorial and the article will convince few in the anti-busing camp because they fail to come to grips with what is essentially a "gut" issue. It is all well and good to point out that "busing has been an American tradition since 1869" but, how does this allay the very real fear of the suburban parents whose child is to be bused to an inferior inner-city school with all its attendant problems?

The reference here is not so much to intra-district busing but to busing which crosses district boundaries as was ordered in Richmond and which is being contemplated for Detroit and its suburban environs. Similar proposals for achieving racial balance have been proposed in New Jersey and in the affected suburban areas, the response has long been overwhelmingly hostile. In addition, such proposals have created a backlash which has resulted in legislation to restrict the powers of the State Commissioner of Education.

It is too simplistic to dismiss the objections of the anti-busing adherents as racist and to contend that "no one is fighting for 'massive,' 'arbitrary,' or 'unnecessary' busing or for sacrificing little white children on the altar of liberal principles" is to merely beg the question since these terms have no objective meaning within the context of the issue at hand. Furthermore, I do not think that we can say with the certainty of your editorial "that children from poor families learn more readily when they go to school with more affluent ones." Research to date has not confirmed this.

I also maintain that it is a most blatant type of white supremacy which con-

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AFTER J. EDGAR HOOVER

The good as well as the bad that J. Edgar Hoover did will live after him. It is difficult to realize that he held his post as director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for almost fifty years, having been appointed by Calvin Coolidge. He lived and flourished through Prohibition and the Great Depression, through gang wars and bank robbery epidemics, through World War II and Korea, through civil rights and Vietnam war activism in the '60s. For his earlier work in the Bureau he received and deserved praise, taking a weak and corrupt agency and making it an effective force, coping with gangsters and bank robbers and kidnappers, seeking out and capturing Nazi spies and saboteurs. But the world changed and J. Edgar Hoover did not—Father Flanagan of Boys' Town was succeeded by Fathers Dan and Phil Berrigan—and his record in recent years on civil rights, civil liberties, student demonstrations and Vietnamese war protests has been almost invariably bad. Praised, feared or tolerated by no less than eight Presidents, Hoover was the only high federal officer for whom official retirement policy was continually set aside so he could continue in harness, and he provides an unforgettable example of the dangers involved in such exemption. How much better it would have been, for Mr. Hoover and for all concerned, if he had been required to take his well-earned retirement when he should have. It is too late for such regrets, however, and the question now is Mr. Hoover's successor.

President Nixon has announced that he does not want the appointment of a new head for the F.B.I. to become "involved in partisan politics in an election year." He has, therefore, named L. Patrick Gray 3d, an Assistant Attorney General and a long-time personal friend, to serve as acting director of the F.B.I. until after Nov. 7—a move that is likely to arouse quite contradictory reactions among Democratic Senators in particular and among Nixon-watchers in general. In the *New York Times*, for example, columnist Tom Wicker praised the President for the interim appointment, saying that this move insures ample time to make a careful selection for the post and also leaves the choice of a new man to the new President if Mr. Nixon is defeated in November. The editorial writers of the *Times*, though, did not see things that way at all. The appointment, they said, was "a shrewd political maneuver which casts an ominous shadow over the F.B.I.'s future in the event of a second Nixon Administration." Why? Because appointee Gray

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is one of Nixon's trusted political lieutenants, a man with absolutely no background in law enforcement. His credentials? He served as aide to Richard Nixon in the 1960 and 1968 campaigns, and for one year in the Health, Education and Welfare Department. He had been selected to be Deputy Attorney General, a post that involves considerable negotiation with Congress over judge-ships and similar appointments, and Mr. Nixon originally met him when he was a Navy Department lobbyist in Washington. In short, Mr. Nixon selected what the *Times* calls "a highly political and professionally unqualified crony to direct this powerful and semi-secret police agency."

Given all this, the *Times* finds the selection of Mr. Gray "a most disturbing choice," and it is hard to quarrel with that judgment. Why, for example, does Mr. Nixon wish to wait till after November to name his candidate? Given the nature of his Supreme Court appointments, it is not rash to wonder if he plans to name someone he is sure will arouse controversy, controversy he wants to avoid before the election. Certainly the power of the man who controls thousands of F.B.I. agents all over the country and who has command over thousands upon thousands of secret personal files is awesome; in the hands of a politically venal person, the F.B.I. could wreak havoc with democratic freedoms. None of this is Mr. Gray's doing, of course, and it must be said that he took over his new job with his best foot forward, quickly announcing steps that could radically change the F.B.I. in both externals and substance. This is precisely the kind of thing that is needed after one-man rule for almost half a century, if the F.B.I. is not to end up laughing at the law to which it is supposed to be subject, and Mr. Gray should be fairly and reasonably evaluated on the basis of his efforts in this direction. Yet at the same time it must be said that the burden of proof rests heavily on his shoulders. If an ever larger number of Americans are increasingly suspicious about both the F.B.I. and about Mr. Gray's political sponsor in the White House, it is not his fault but nonetheless this suspicion has become one of the prime facts of American life; it cannot be ignored.

WALLACE AND GUNS

The attempted assassination of Alabama Governor George C. Wallace stirred anew fears for the traditional political processes of the nation, and raised again all those ugly suspicions that the character of the country is flawed by some streak of violence. This time the agonizing over those possibilities was less intense than after the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—partly perhaps because Wallace is not the pivotal person of history the latter were; partly perhaps because, despite terrible injuries, George Wallace

is not permanently removed from political life. This does not lessen the criminality of his shooting, however. Nor does it lessen the urgency of coming to grips with whatever it is in the national ethos that makes America unsafe for political leaders across the ideological spectrum.

Thus it is not enough to speak the inevitable regrets and extend the usual good wishes for full recovery. George Wallace's shooting should send the country back to those painful but neglected studies on violence done after the Dr. King-Robert Kennedy assassinations, with a determination this time to be serious about their suggestions, including the suggestion that a national policy of might and a foreign policy of war work domestically to condition certain psyches toward violence.

In this context, it was gratifying that the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency reported out a gun-control bill the other day, with a ban written into it on the sale of pistols of the type used against Mr. Wallace. But the approach to gun control in Washington is still piece-meal and still shot through with exemptions, notably for "sportsmen." So long as this approach exists, there will never be meaningful gun control in the U.S. Gun control is not the total answer to pacifying America, but it is an important beginning. England and France have strong forms of gun control. In 1970, there were 29 and 475 killings by guns, respectively, in those countries; in the U.S., the figure for 1970 was 9,000 deaths. The statistics leave little room for argument.



Postponing the Inevitable in Italy

Foreigners who had come to Rome to watch the big crisis of Italian democracy felt strangely deflated after the anticlimactic outcome of the recent elections. They had expected riots and bombings, and rarely could they have seen a more peaceful and quiet Sunday than May 7, the election day. They had been told that Italy was on the brink of fascism, and Almirante's followers had only made a modest progress, lapping up almost one half of the liberal votes, but unable to make major inroads upon the larger popular parties, especially the Christian Democrats. The Communists had suffered less from extreme leftist splinter parties than they had perhaps feared themselves, and more significantly, had not lost their appeal to the young, as was shown by the difference in votes between House and Senate (the voting age for the former being 21, for the latter 25). Most surprisingly, the same had happened to the Christian Democrats who, with their refusal of all adventures and their slogan "No to the right and to the left, forward in the middle," seemed the least likely to rouse youthful

enthusiasm. The fascists, on the other hand, showed only a negligible difference in votes.

By and large, the political picture was not substantially changed, and if the only good reason for early elections is a foreseeable shift in the popular vote, which will either considerably strengthen the existing government or else propose a workable alternative, these have been a little worse than useless. In fact, the last existing coalition, in which Catholics and Socialists were the main partners, had already fallen apart in January, and the only possible alternative, a return to the old center coalition, in which economic necessities would gain absolute priority over social progress, was made highly problematic by the heavy losses of the liberals. The political parties will have to face the same problems they had hoped the voters would solve. First of all, they must find a new coalition formula, for none of the parties is strong enough to govern alone. The Christian Democrats, with 38.8 percent of the votes still the largest party, must as always choose their partners.

During the campaign they have refused to announce with which parties they would govern after the elections. The "historical" decision of 1962, which had sanctioned their "opening to the left," turned out to be, not so historical after all, but mainly tactical. Its former sponsor Fanfani kept reassuring the voters that the choice of the Socialist allies had not been irreversible. No doubt this has appealed to the traditional constituency, mainly consisting (as Jacques Nobécourt has aptly put it in his *L'Italie à vif*) of "those who are not . . .," "those who do not want . . .," "those who are afraid of . . ." (and no wonder they had been scared by the one adventurous move of their party, the center-left coalition).

On the other hand, the objective reasons for that move still exist: the need for social reform and the impatience of large masses of the population have, if anything, increased during the ten years of half-hearted progressive policy. A return to older conservative formulas seems therefore out of the question, and a renewal of the cooperation with the socialists the only realistic solution. This would inevitably reopen the most fundamental question of Italian politics: whether any form of cooperation with the Communists (Italy's second largest party, with 27.2 percent of the votes) is admissible. The Socialists think it is: they do not propose a direct Communist participation in the government, but they maintain that a serious program of social reforms cannot be achieved without active Communist support.

The Christian Democrats are not prepared to admit this, and their campaign was aimed at tranquilizing their voters, especially their right wing. If the fascists wanted to restore law and order, they could do it better, and if the fascists were anti-Communist, they were more so. Though both fascists and Communists are outside the

"democratic area" and no cooperation with either totalitarian system can ever be envisaged, Communism was the main target. Budapest and Prague were mentioned more often than Rome or Milan; the red danger seemed once more at the gates. YOUNG MAN, said one of their posters, YOU VOTE FOR THE FIRST TIME—TAKE CARE THAT IT WON'T BE THE LAST!

The main objection against this kind of propaganda is that it is out of touch with reality, both international and domestic. It denies the unmistakable democratic process which has taken place within the Italian Communist party. Its solidarity with international Communism has not prevented it from rejecting the doctrine of "limited sovereignty," and from harshly and publicly condemning the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia (in a TV debate party secretary Berlinguer asked his Christian Democrat opponent whether any of the government parties had ever dared as much regarding the U.S. intervention in Vietnam. The answer did not come—but it is no). If there is one Communist party in the West firmly decided to follow its own national way to socialism, that of parliamentary democracy, it is the Italian one. Its nine million voters were rallied, not on a program of red revolution, but of democratic cooperation for social justice.

As long as the Christian Democrats choose to fight specters instead of political realities, the crisis of Italian democracy will last. No doubt some government formula will be found, but the chronic instability of the country (31 governments in 28 years!) will not be overcome. And some sort of social program will be launched, but no answer will be given to the question whether social justice is a mere luxury product of economic expansion, or rather its necessary prerequisite. Meanwhile the Communist party is artificially kept out of a self-appointed "democratic area" and once more condemned to its opposition role.

The fundamental challenge of Italian politics remains that of a dialogue between the two large mass parties of Catholics and Communists. Some day it must be met, but that day still seems very far off. Until then they are both "paralyzed giants" (*Le Monde*), who by their presence continue to determine the paralysis of the country.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar is Commonwealth's regular correspondent in Rome.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* will again appear on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated June 16, June 30, July 14, July 28, August 11, August 25, September 8 and September 22. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

FEMININE-MASCULINE THEOLOGY

MICHAEL NOVAK

Carol Christ and Emma Trout recently described their experience at prayer, and the alienation they have felt in praying to a "male" God. They force me to examine my own experience.

Somewhere along the line, during my college years, someone or some book (perhaps it was Martin D'Arcy's *animus* and *anima* in *The Mind and Heart of Love*) suggested that at prayer men should strive to release and to develop in themselves the "feminine" side of their nature, and women the "masculine."

The use of "masculine" and "feminine" as types dividing human qualities was unfortunate in ancient and medieval days. It is even more painful today. Such terms force humans to "specialize," to curb their own spontaneous instincts to one side of the cultural spectrum. But in ancient and medieval times, these terms were sometimes used descriptively. Normatively, some voices and some motifs encouraged humans not to be bound by them.

The associations with "feminine" were qualities important for every human, but believed to come easier to women: contemplation, abandonment into God's hands, silence, patience, gentleness.

The associations with "masculine" were qualities important for every human, but believed to be socially more reinforced for men: decisiveness, will, action, courage.

Examples of how these qualities could cross over were St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. *He* seemed the silent, contemplative, gentle one. She seemed the human of courage, action, resolution and—her favorite word—*determinação*. She the organizer, he the poet.

I can remember praying while thinking of God through "feminine" imagery: earth, unity, silence, sweet-

ness, gentleness. Of an activist and aggressive temperament, it seemed to me important to ask that the *other* side of human nature—and God's nature—be brought out in me. I was helped in these reflections by the preponderance of feminine words used of God in Latin: *Sapientia*, *Silentia*, *Contemplatio*, *Nox*, *Caritas*, *Pax* . . . I thought of God as, in part, feminine. Metaphors of "lover" and "spouse" encouraged a similar switch in imagery.

My reading in medieval literature reinforced my sense that "the feminine principle" is as much at the heart of the universe as "the masculine principle." I used to be touched by the prayers of medieval knights—barbarians, of great ferocity and cruelty—asking to be made vehicles of courtesy, charity, compassion, gentleness. As Nietzsche argued, Christianity did bring about a certain "feminization" of the Western spirit. It "emasculated" the Germanic gods.

Moreover, it seemed to me that modern historians of philosophy and theology failed to be sufficiently critical of the move from medieval to modern consciousness. In general, they approved of the switch from contemplation to action, from being to doing, from knowledge-as-union to knowledge-as-power, from wisdom to science. In the modern period, "Lady Philosophy" and "the Queen of the Sciences" yielded to an aggressive science that would "change the world." Knowledge is, not being, or reconciliation, or community, but power.

The modern period is understandable, in mythical terms, as the masculinization of intellect. Resignation is the opiate of the people. Activist world-improvement sets the pattern the "hero" must fulfill.

Even God, naturally enough, comes to be perceived through new images. No longer "static" or "passive" or "un-

changing" or "contemplative" (mother with child) or Pure Act. But Judge, Issuer of "manifest destinies," "Co-creator" of evolutionary history, Fellow Struggler, Revolutionary, Pure Activist.

Images of God tend to follow our best images of humans. Whatever we find most admirable in human beings, we tend to imagine as some dim premonition of what the unseen God might be like.

In the modern period, valuing makers and shapers of history, we tend to imagine God as the "Lord of History." Valuing the future more than the past or the present, we tend to imagine God as "the Absolute Future." Valuing the "masculine" qualities, and devaluing the "feminine," it is no wonder that women want to be "liberated" so as to feel valued. They want to be as godlike, so to speak, as men. To share in the strong symbols. To live and move and have being.

On the other hand, in recent years the "masculine" qualities have taken something of a beating. "Masculine" will looks like an ego trip. "Masculine" assertiveness is known as aggression. "Masculine" courage is ridiculed as *machismo*. Men are wearing long hair and preaching gentleness. Silence, contemplation, abandonment, emptiness, waiting, "doing nothing at all" are once again valued by a significant minority.

In all the ancient languages, Raymond Pannikar tells me, one of the central names for God is always feminine. For the universe is conceived as uniting two principles: masculine and feminine. Thus also God. To pray is to be in the presence not only of Act, Energy, Deed, but also in the presence of Act, Energy, Being. Act and energy are not merely transitive—the passing of energy from one object to another, making a difference,"

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I REMEMBER CHAPLIN

GEORGE H. DUNNE



A nostalgic retrospect

RECENTLY en route to Strasbourg I stopped overnight in Bâle. A block from my hotel the local cinema was featuring a revival of Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*. It was an unexpected windfall. It had been a considerable time since I had bothered going to any movie and a much longer time since I had managed to see one through to the end. I had no problem with *Modern Times*. It was a sheer delight and a moving reminder of how much the world is indebted to the unique genius of this man. His genius shows itself not in the originality of his materials, but in what he does with even the simplest of them.

There is violence in a Chaplin film, but it is handled with such deftness as to make its point without leaving bleeding wounds or creating a cult. The baton-wielding police versus workers scene in *Modern Times* would convulse a policeman in the audience no less than anyone else—and he would get the point.

There is sex in a Chaplin film, but it is as fresh and innocent as a dewy morning in spring—without losing any of its appeal. There is sex appeal, but no appeal to the prurient instinct. This is something that can be said of few films today in which a regular feature is the sex act gratuitously played out in the buff and made so explicit that all through the audience, if I may be permitted the imagery of Lysistrata, male members spring smartly to attention with no doubt comparable psycho-physical reactions on the distaff side. I am not a prude and certainly do not object

to the legitimate indulgence in the pleasures of sex for which there is a large place in the scheme of things. It seems to me, however, that a bedroom, preferably marital, rather than the cinema house is the place. What could be more charming than the bedroom scene in *Modern Times* with Charlie and Paulette Goddard awakening in the morning with beatific smiles—but, as we discover, each clothed and each in a separate room! Or than the fade-out as Charlie jauntily and Paulette gaily march hand and hand off into the sunset?

This is a characteristic of all Chaplin's films and, in my judgment, reflects both his basic respect for sex and his inerrant sense of the proper function of the cinematographic art. Some years ago in Rio de Janeiro I saw Chaplin's last film, *The Countess of Hongkong*. I hope I may be forgiven for having left before it was more than half through. It carried so little of the Chaplin touch that I was saddened by the thought that the years had taken their toll of his genius. Part of the trouble was casting. Marlon Brando was simply not believable as the Secretary of State. There was, however, a bedroom scene which was pure, authentic Chaplin—hysterically funny and entirely free of prurient appeal, even with beautiful Sophia Loren occupying one of the beds.

There is irony in the fact that this man was hounded, harried and harassed and barred from the United States partially upon the ground of alleged moral, meaning sexual, depravity. As these lines are written he is back, after 20 years of exile, receiving acclaim which is in part an act of reparation long overdue.

The evening in Bâle was an evening given over to nostalgic memories of personal and to me memorable

FATHER GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J., recently retired as founding general secretary of SODEPAX, a Geneva-based agency jointly sponsored by the Pontifical Commission on Justice and Peace and the World Council of Churches.

encounter with Chaplain almost 25 years ago, an encounter which gave me an abiding respect and admiration for a man who at the time, thanks to the anti-Communist zealotry of the superpatriots—it was the McCarthy era—was at the nadir of public esteem.

THERE is a background to my meeting with Chaplin which I think is part of the story. With the encouragement and advice of Emmet Lavery, then president of the Hollywood Screen Writers Guild, I had authored an interracial documentary play called *Trial By Fire* which had enjoyed considerable success in the off-Broadway and non-commercial theater. It had received good reviews in New York where it was playing at the Blackfriars' Theater at the time that one of Lavery's less successful plays, *A Gentleman From Athens*, featuring Anthony Quinn, opened and with poor reviews quickly closed on Broadway. At this stage of American political and social history Broadway, and much less Hollywood, would not touch the explosive material with which *Trial By Fire* dealt (the *Catholic Worker* said of it: "This is not a play; it is a nightmare!") with an asbestos-hooded pole. Jackie Robinson was the only black player in professional baseball. Black roles in the movies were limited to Stepin Fetchit caricatures or to big-bosomed, big-hearted mammy types of the kind played so expertly by Hattie McDaniel in *Gone with the Wind*. Exceptions were occasionally made in musical comedies for a beautiful girl, light skinned, sultry voiced, like Lena Horne. But not in dramatic roles!

Lena Horne was interested in playing the leading role in *Trial By Fire* even though it was quite subordinate to the male lead. She was prevented by her contract with Louis B. Mayer, the head mogul of MGM, which declared all dramatic roles off limits. I am reminded of an anecdote told me by Miss Horne herself which as a small piece in the large crazy quilt patterned mosaic of distorted values which characterized the world of which I am writing fits into the background of my Chaplin story. She first met Mr. Mayer at a studio luncheon arranged to discuss a contract with MGM. Seated next to Mr. Big himself she suddenly became aware of his groping fingers feeling their way up the smooth incline of her leg.

"I am sorry, Mr. Mayer," she remarked not icily but, as one would say, real cool, "I don't sleep with white men."

Actually Miss Horne was not prejudiced against whites. She later was to marry one, the musical director at MGM itself, but she had a sharp point to make. It reached its mark. Mr. Mayer's feeling fingers fell precipitously off the silken sheen of Miss Horne's lovely leg.

It was somewhere around the time that Miss Horne told me this story that, if my memory serves me,

Louis B. Mayer served as an honorary pallbearer at the funeral of Archbishop Cantwell. And it was in this same general period that Charlie Chaplin was being denounced in a Los Angeles courtroom by the most prominent Roman Catholic practicing attorney in the city as a shameless seducer of innocent girls.

After Blackfriars', *Trial By Fire* was presented in the experimental theater at the Pasadena Playhouse, and thereby hangs another small part of the tale illustrative of the *mores* of the '40s. The directors of the Playhouse refused to stage *Trial By Fire*, not because they denied either its merit as theater or the validity of what it had to say, but because they feared it would offend the racist prejudices of a wealthy Pasadena dowager whose contributions to the Playhouse exchequer made their task easier. They were only partially successful, however, in their efforts to keep the Playhouse skirts clean. They kept it out of the main theater. But Marcella Cisney, the staff member who recommended it and who is now, I believe, director of the University of Michigan Theatre at Ann Arbor, had charge of the experimental theater where she could stage what she liked. She liked *Trial By Fire*, both as a theater piece and for what it said. She booked it into her theater for two weeks.

At the conclusion of the Pasadena booking the late and lovable Frank Scully, author, *Variety* columnist, wit and surely the most unlikely candidate ever to have been dubbed a Knight of St. Gregory, undertook to produce the play in Hollywood. We rented an idle radio studio theater on Sunset Boulevard near Vine. The night before opening Charlie Chaplin appeared at the dress rehearsal. He came undoubtedly at the suggestion of Herb Sorrell, head of the Conference of Studio Unions which in 1946-47 had waged an epic, if losing, battle for the survival of democratic trade unionism in Hollywood against the combined power of the major producers allied with the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (IATSE), still carrying the rancid odor of its history of control by the Chicago Crime Syndicate, and supported by the Screen Actors' Guild headed by Ronald Reagan and George Murphy whose right-wing orientation was already evident, but whose future, one as Governor the other as Senator of a sovereign state of the Union, not even the most clairvoyant tea leaves could have discerned, unless they had a much lower opinion of the intelligence and sound instincts of the California electorate than I then possessed.

At the suggestion of the editors of *Commonweal* I had made a study of the Hollywood labor situation which I was later to publish in a brochure entitled *Hollywood Labor Dispute—A Study in Immorality*. When the strike developed in 1946 my sympathies, the result of my investigations prior to the strike, were

entirely on the side of the Conference of Studio Unions which I supported by regular appearances at the weekly strike meetings in the Hollywood American Legion Stadium, by radio talks, and by testimony at hearings conducted by Republican Congressman Kearns of Pennsylvania, delegated by the House Committee on Labor and Education to look into the dispute.

This activity won me the favor early on of a nocturnal visit lasting into the wee hours of the morning at Loyola University, where I was then teaching political theory, from Ronald Reagan, George Murphy and Jane Wyman, who was then Mrs. Reagan. Their purpose was to persuade me that I was being hoodwinked by the Communists. I recall that Reagan was by far the most articulate of the three, that Murphy, a soft-shoe dancer of moderate talent, contributed little beyond a pleasant and apologetic smile, and that Jane Wyman, the only one of the three who in my estimation had any acting ability, had nothing to say. She had been brought along perhaps on the not implausible theory that I would be more susceptible to her unquestionable charms than to those of her husband—or to his questionable arguments.

THAT was an incident in the early stages of the strike. In its later stages it brought me the further favor of summary removal from the Los Angeles Archdiocese by my provincial superior at the request of the Coadjutor Bishop, of Los Angeles, now the Archbishop of San Francisco. The fact that a lengthy investigation of the issues at stake by a two-man committee of priests appointed by Archbishop Cantwell, one of them the diocesan labor expert, had led to substantially the same conclusions I had been defending weighed little, evidently, against the interests of the Hollywood film producers as articulated to Bishop McGucken. (Archbishop Cantwell who was ailing at the time and not far removed from death probably had nothing to do with my expulsion, if indeed he was aware of it.)

Several years later I ran into Eddie Mannix playing golf with Clark Gable on a Phoenix course. Mannix, one-time bouncer in a New Jersey night club owned by Nick and Joe Schenk and who with their patronage had become general manager under Louis B. Mayer at MGM, had one day during a recess in the Kearns' hearings barely, but fortunately for me, successfully restrained himself from punching me in the nose. In a brief exchange of pleasantries referring to my disappearance from Los Angeles Mannix remarked: "You were getting in our way and we had to get you out."

No doubt the case of the producers was strengthened in the chancery office by the advocacy of others. There were the two lawyers, George Breslin and Michael Luddy, who fell into the category of what is

This activity won me the favor early on of a nocturnal visit from Ronald Reagan, George Murphy and Jane Wyman, who was then Mrs. Reagan. Their purpose was to persuade me that I was being hoodwinked by the Communists.



known as "prominent Catholic laymen," who still represented the IATSE union as they had during all the years that it was headed in Hollywood by the one-time pimp and agent of the Chicago Crime Syndicate, Willie Bioff, whom they had also defended at the trial that sent him to the federal penitentiary for extortion. There was John Farrow, father of Mia, director and writer who had dedicated a book to Archbishop Cantwell who had cleared the way for his marriage to Maureen O'Sullivan, no doubt in strict accordance with Canon Law. It helps, however, to have an Archbishop put in a weighty word for you. Farrow had been assuring people in Hollywood that my troublemaking days would shortly be ended because I was "soon to be sent back to China." This assurance had been given him, I am quite sure, by his staunch friend and admirer Father Edward Whalen who, as president of Loyola University, was my immediate superior.

And there was Joe Scott. As far back as memory ran Joe Scott had been the Mr. Catholic of Southern California. High-pitched, raspy-voiced, loud and eloquent orator of the old school, he was a man of strong, undiluted and simple loyalties: to the Catholic church, to Irish Independence, to the Red, White and Blue, to the Republican Party—he was one of the nominators of Herbert Hoover at the 1928 convention—and to the principles of old-fashioned morality.

As a boy I had often thrilled to his denunciations of persecution of the church in Mexico, to his paeans of praise on patriotic feast days of America, land of the free and home of the brave. As a high school student I had marched through downtown streets blessedly innocent of traffic, from the old ramshackle Los Angeles railroad station to the baseball park then located at Washington Boulevard and Grand Avenue in a parade honoring Eamon de Valera, recently escaped from a British jail. I listened with a lump in my throat and tears of righteous rage in my eyes as Joe Scott, from a platform erected at the pitcher's mound and with Mr. de Valera at his side, called down the wrath of heaven upon the British Empire and the *Los An-*

Charlie Chaplin had become the object of Joe Scott's holy anger. In spite of a long and highly remunerative career in the U.S., he had never become a citizen. This offended Scott's patriotic sensibilities.



geles Times. In those days the *Times* had a markedly anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bias, sometimes seeming to identify the two, and Scott had carried on a long-standing feud with its publisher. On his office wall hung a framed photograph of a check which he had collected from the *Times* in payment of a judgment awarded in one of several legal battles he had fought with the newspaper. Forty years later in a meeting with Mr. de Valera in his Dublin office I reminded him of this incident. He had not forgotten.

Those were the early '20s. In the late '40s the perspective had changed. So had the issues and the enemies. As a conservative Republican Joe Scott was not in sympathy with labor unions nor with the strikes to which they on occasion resorted. As a superpatriot and a militantly loyal Catholic he was an uncompromising foe of Communism. He was easily persuaded that the striking unions in Hollywood were run by Communists and that I was their witting or unwitting tool. He wrote to my acting provincial superior (the incumbent was out of the country at the time) denouncing me in the abrasive terms which were a part of his eloquence and demanding that I be limited in my activities to hearing the confessions of Mexican-Americans in the historic Plaza church where Scott himself—it was one of his many admirable virtues—daily attended Mass and received the Eucharist. That was what I had been ordained for, he said—a questionable theological assumption.

Charlie Chaplin had become another object of Joe Scott's holy anger. In spite of a long and highly remunerative career in the United States he had never become a citizen. This offended Scott's patriotic sensibilities as it did those of other superpatriots who could not understand why a man who, as they were wont to say, had made a fortune here would not become a citizen.⁴ Not to become American was to be anti-American. There was no middle ground. Furthermore, although not active politically, Chaplin had made no secret of his sympathy for left-wing causes and particularly for the Soviet Union. When Chaplin became involved in a paternity suit the fat was in the fire. With

the exception of Irish independence which was no longer an issue, all of Scott's basic loyalties felt challenged and they combined to trap him into what must be accounted the most discreditable episode in a career otherwise distinguished by many virtues, laudable deeds and by the defense of many worthy causes. He was determined to pillory Chaplin by any means, fair or foul. The means chosen were foul.

At this point it should be made clear that the earlier reference to Scott's loyalty to "principles of old-fashioned morality" was not meant disparagingly. I subscribe generally to the same principles which, however, include principles other than those governing sexual behavior. Among them is a warning—and this is a point overlooked by Scott and many others in the Chaplin case—about judging others lest we ourselves be judged. In a world where the Sixth Commandment was more honored in the breach than in the observance there is no evidence that Chaplin's private sex life was any more aberrant than that of a great many others. Furthermore, the area of private sexual behavior would seem to be one which, more than any other, is reserved to God's judgment, not man's, and has no place for stone-throwers.

The question of paternity is, of course, another matter, for it involves responsibility for one's child. It is a matter of justice. The issue of justice here, however, hinges upon a question of truth. Here the truth was, and Scott knew it, that the child was *not* Chaplin's.

The name of the girl is unimportant. She has long since faded from history. Like many other girls before, and many since, she had come to Hollywood equipped with little talent, moderate good looks and a consuming ambition to become a movie star. She was prepared to use whatever purchasing power her sex afforded her to foot the bill. When stardom did not materialize she charged Chaplin with being the father of her child.

When blood tests established that Chaplin could not possibly have sired her child, her lawyer, a leading member of the Los Angeles Bar, honorably withdrew from the case, refusing to carry it further. At this juncture Scott, determined that Chaplin not be let off the hook, offered his services. Because the rules of evidence in California had not caught up with the advance of medical science, blood tests were not at that time accepted as proof of non-paternity. The only possible conclusion from the medical data was that at the same time that the young lady was engaged in seductive play with Chaplin for her own purposes, she had been bedding down with another man who had got her with child. This evident fact did not deter Scott, nor did the archaic state of the rules of evidence prevent him, from calling upon all the considerable resources of his courtroom eloquence to elicit the sym-

pathies of the jury for a poor, innocent American girl shamelessly seduced and tossed aside by the un-American, Communist-sympathizing, moral monster who was Charlie Chaplin. It was a sordid performance. And it won the case. Chaplin was defeated. So were truth and justice.

There is nothing in the record to suggest that Scott felt that he had in any way compromised his integrity. Perhaps he reasoned—for after all he was an honorable man—that, regardless of the falsity of this particular charge, Chaplin, given all the other things said about him had got what was coming to him and that, after all, is the definition of justice! To each one his due.

THESE episodes seem not to be related to the story of my meeting with Chaplin. They are, however, pieces of the moral mosaic referred to earlier. They help to establish the moral ecology of the times.

The thing that first impressed me about Chaplin when I met him at the dress rehearsal was his simplicity of manner. If, thanks to the prevailing hysteria of McCarthyism and the sensationalized paternity suit, he was, as has been said, at the nadir of public esteem, he had not fallen from the heights of fame. His lofty place, as artist and particularly as incomparable mime, in the pantheon of the entertainment arts was securely established. There was no hint of this in his easy, informal and friendly manner with me and with the cast. He was totally without affectation. There was no trace of the Hollywood star *grande manière*.

He sat next to me during the rehearsal and from time to time quietly made suggestions about various bits of stage business. Afterwards, with the cast gathered about him, he was both serious and at times hilariously funny. To make a point about the enormous size of the stage in the Hollywood Bowl he improvised a bit of pantomime which showed why he was the greatest mime in the world. He was Heifetz, world-famous violinist, acknowledging the applause of the audience in the Hollywood Bowl. That was the scene which he then acted out without a word, without a sound but with such consummate artistry that we were transported to the Bowl, heard the music, joined the applause, howled with laughter. He began, standing in center aisle, by sawing away furiously, left-handed which he is, upon an imaginary violin, bringing the concerto to a close. Solemn bows center, left, right, center as the applause thunders up from the audience. Then the exit as the applause pursues him across the stage, the enormous size of which came to life as Chaplin marched briskly up, down, up, down and up the aisle before disappearing into the wings. The applause thunders on and he reappears. Again the long march to reach center stage, down, up, down, up and down. Again the solemn bows, center, left, right,

center. Again the exit and the long march up, down, up, down, up and off. And again, as the applause rolls on. . . . As described it sounds prosaic. As mimed by Chaplin it was outrageously funny. Remembering the scene almost a quarter of a century later in my Alpine monastic retreat I find myself laughing. It was an unforgettable demonstration of Chaplin's genius for creating out of next to nothing a universe of comic fantasy with a touch of his unequalled gift for pantomime.

To make another point, this time in an effort to persuade me to eliminate from the play some stage business to which I was tenaciously attached, he improvised a dramatic bit. When I returned to Hollywood with my play, remembering the support I had given them during the strike, the Set Designers' Union designed and the Studio Carpenters' Union built a magnificent set for *Trial By Fire*. The main feature was a lovely California bungalow mounted on a platform on rollers. On the backside of the platform was a replica of the house, but blackened and shattered as by an explosion and fire. At a dramatic point of the play as a neighbor woman is on the stand testifying to the tragic event upon which the story centers, the lights fade out. Out of the darkness a loud explosion terrifies the audience, red lights flash, a siren shrills while stage hands swing the platform around on its rollers. When a few moments later the lights gradually come up on main stage the lovely redwood bungalow is gone. In its place stands the stark and twisted outlines of a home blasted by racial hatred.

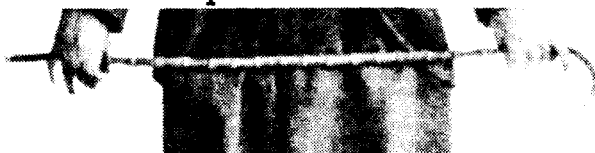
I was proud of that scene. Chaplin argued that it should go. It was melodrama, not drama.

"I don't know anything about religion," he said. "I don't know anything about politics. But there's one thing I know more about than any man in this country"—he spoke not boastfully but quietly stating a fact—"and that's the theater. The theater is sheer magic. Let me show you. Imagine an empty stage. Dim lights. It is night. Suddenly the shrill ringing of a telephone on stage shatters the silence. A door slams open

Remembering the support I had given them during the 1946 strike, the Set Designers' Union designed and the Studio Carpenters' Union built a magnificent set for 'Trial By Fire.'



Chaplin's orientation had been determined not by ideology as much as by a feeling for humanity and for the attractions of a simpler world not dominated by the machine.



stage right. A man enters briskly and hurries across stage to the telephone"—and Chaplin acted it out. He grabbed up the phone.

(Staccato) "Hello—yes—when? where?—right—o.k.—on my way."

"He hangs up the phone, rushes off stage, the door slams. Silence. Curtain. You see?" Chaplin resumed the lesson. "The audience has been shown nothing. They don't know what has happened. But their imaginations, fired by the dramatic intensity, have taken over. They are sitting on the edge of their seats. Magic. That's the theater." And resuming the argument, he said, "In your play, don't *show* the audience the horrors of the scene. That's melodrama. Let the audience participate, not just look on like spectators at a fire. The dialogue in your courtroom scene is good enough to fire the imagination. Let the audience take off from that and re-create, re-live in their own imagination the horrors. Let the magic of the theater work."

Chaplin won the argument. Sadly I cut out the explosion, the flashing red lights, the sirens, the blasted house. But every future performance of *Trial By Fire* which I witnessed, in Hollywood or elsewhere, proved to me how right Chaplin was.

Chaplin considered *Trial By Fire* a very good play. One scene involving an FBI agent he labeled as "a great scene." He insisted that I was a born playwright. Again appealing to his knowledge of the theater he said:

"Playwrights are born, not made. Even the business of getting people on and off stage properly requires a special gift. If you are not born with it, you can never acquire it. You were born with it."

It is of course not impossible that these kindly evaluations have had something to do with the warmth of the memories I have retained of Chaplin over the years.

After we left the theater Chaplin took me, Herb Sorrell, and Flo Contini, the secretary of the Conference of Studio Unions, to the Players Club for a bite to eat and more conversation. He drove his own car, a quite unpretentious model. At the Players Club we spent a good part of what was left of the night in

serious conversation, in the course of which we touched upon almost every reproach that had been directed at him.

The first thing that struck me was that in his brief reference to the paternity case he had nothing to say in criticism of Joe Scott. It seemed remarkable restraint on the part of a man who had been publicly held up to scorn and scathingly judged.

He talked about a plot he had in mind for his next production. It was in the early stages of development in his mind. Some years later I saw it on the screen. It was *Limelight*. There was a brief scene in which mention is made of God. Chaplin had mentioned this scene, repeating what he had said earlier in the evening about not knowing anything about religion. How could he have been expected to? The circumstances of his life, the environment into which he had been born and in which he had grown up had not included religious influences. He made a point which is at least arguable. He had not asked to be born. He had not chosen the circumstances of his birth and upbringing. He therefore found it difficult to accept that he was accountable for the consequences.

He discussed quite frankly his attitude on the subject of American citizenship. Chaplin considered himself a citizen of the world.

"I have been in nearly every country," he remarked. "And I have found people everywhere, regardless of color, race, or nationality, to be pretty much the same, all human beings with the same desires, the same impulses. I feel a bond with all of them. If I were to take citizenship anywhere it would be here. This is where I have made my home. This is where I have made my career and my money. I am grateful to America." The superpatriots would no doubt have been surprised had they been listening in. "But the swearing of allegiance to any country seems to me a rejection of all the other people in the world. And this I cannot bring myself to do."

Perhaps today when more and more people accept the concept of the world as a planetary village, when there is a growing awareness of the unity of mankind and a concern about the mistrust, suspicion and hatred that flourish behind walls, Chaplin's essentially humane and universal attitude would be better understood. He was no more anti-American than he was anti-British. He refused to be anti-anybody.

He said little about Oona O'Neil, but what he said was significant both as evaluation of the reasons for his previous marital failures and as prophetic insight. His marriage to a young woman more than thirty years his junior had of course been added to the evidence in the dossier of the "moral ogre." He spoke fondly of his young wife and with quiet confidence that theirs was a union destined to endure. He was confident of this because, as he said, "thank God, she has

absolutely no theatrical ambitions, no interest whatever in a stage or screen career." A quarter of a century of successful married life attests to the soundness of his judgment—and of hers.

CHAPLIN spoke a great deal that night about his nostalgia for the pre-mechanical age and in doing so unwittingly brought to light, I think, the roots of his sympathy for the Soviet Union. He spoke with genuine feeling about the horse and buggy days, about how he missed the splendid sight of handsomely groomed and richly caparisoned horses and shining carriages and the bracing fragrance of fresh horse droppings on city streets.

What Chaplin was against was not so much capitalism as the mechanical age. That after all is quite plainly what *Modern Times* is all about. He was against the process of mechanization which had driven the horses and buggies off the streets and replaced them with noisy and noisome automobiles, had substituted for the piquant odors of a horse-drawn civilization the choking fumes of a motorized world. He was against the dehumanization and the pauperization of man and his environment. It was only coincidentally and because it was responsible for these developments that the system of capitalism shared his animus. And because Communism also rejected that system he felt he had something in common with the attempt of the Soviet Union to construct a society on other principles.

These are not things Chaplin said, but conclusions suggested to me by what he did say about the mechanical age. If my speculation is correct the flaw in his reasoning is, of course, obvious. The Soviet Union is indeed opposed to capitalism, but by no means to mechanization; quite the contrary. And, as the crushing of the Czechoslovakian experiment shows, it is not interested in efforts to combine humanization with mechanization. However, as Chaplin had said he knew nothing about politics. His orientation had been determined not by ideology as much as by a feeling for humanity and for the attractions of a simpler world not dominated by the machine. Perhaps here too, when grave doubts about the quality of life in an increasingly technologized world assail more and more people, Chaplin would be more sympathetically judged.

Highly significant was his reply to a question put to him by Flo Contini. "Mr. Chaplin," she asked, "have you ever visited the Soviet Union?"

"No," he replied. The Soviet Union was one of the few countries he had not visited.

"Why not?"

"Because," he said, "I am afraid I might be disillusioned."

To me that said everything that needed to be said

about the nature of Chaplin's interest in Communism and in the Soviet Union. It grew out of an act of hope that there was an alternative to the dehumanizing kind of society organized under capitalistic auspices which threatened human values and issued in an act of faith that the Soviet experiment contained the promise of realizing such an alternative. If he lost that faith what would be left of hope? And so he refused to run the risk. I shared, and still do, his hope, but not his faith. Nevertheless, it did not seem to me then, nor does it now, that Chaplin deserved abuse because of it. It was the evidently fragile faith of a man clinging desperately to the hope that a less tawdry world than the one we know was possible. Is that such an evil thing?

He told us that night that he badly wanted to visit Europe, but he was afraid that once out of the country his re-entry permit might be revoked. He had made inquiries at the State Department and had been assured that there was no danger of this. He could leave the country without fear of being denied re-admission. Despite this, he still hesitated, uncertain how much he could rely upon this reassurance. Several years later he sailed for England. His ship was hardly out of sight of the Statue of Liberty when his re-entry permit was revoked by the Attorney General of the United States. His misgivings had been well founded. It was a shameful deed and another sordid episode in the story of Charlie Chaplin.

It was near dawn when we left the Players Club. That night Chaplin attended the opening of *Trial By Fire* with his charming young wife. My last—for I have not seen him since—and one of my warmest memories of Chaplin is of the simple and gracious courtesy with which he treated my mother to whom I presented him following the performance. He could not have shown her more respect had she been a queen—which of course she was.

Had I not been expelled from Los Angeles I would never have learned, under the expert tutelage of Father Hanley, a fellow Jesuit, the titillating frustrations and exuberant delights of golf, a pastime which greatly lessened the pangs of nine years of exile in Arizona. Watching a well-hit drive sail down the fairway I often thought with gratitude of Bishop McGucken.

This being a small world, I live now within a few miles of Charlie Chaplin's home in Switzerland where he settled after being barred from the United States. As I sometimes pass near his chalet en route to Vevey I wonder if, gazing across the sparkling waters of Lac Lemman upon the magnificent panorama of snow-clad Alpine peaks leaning against blue skies he perhaps thinks with gratitude of the Attorney General. Chaplin got the better of the deal. The loss—and the shame—were America's.

THE STORM OVER STORMONT

JOHN HORGAN

Officially it has been suspended for a year, but few people believe that it will return in anything like its original form.

Dublin

When Edward Heath became Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland in 1970, it seemed as if the Northern Ireland situation would inevitably take a turn for the worse. If anyone had suggested at that time that he would preside over—indeed engineer—the dismantling of the Stormont Parliament, the suggestion would have been greeted with hoarse laughter all over Ireland and much of England. The Northern Unionists, for their part, looked on the Conservative election victory much as Mr. Ian Smith's followers would have welcomed a settlement with Britain: and there were dark, if unconfirmable, rumors that the advent of the Conservative government to power was responsible for a new trigger-happiness among the British soldiery in the streets. The Conservatives, it was said, were ruthless. They were callous. They didn't care.

The prophets of doom were right—but in a way they could hardly have expected. It was precisely the callousness and ruthlessness which (generally combined with incompetence) have come to be regarded as the hallmark of British policy in Ireland, that prompted Edward Heath to do what he did. No Labor government in Britain could have done it: massive Tory opposition, plus a wave of defections from their own ranks, would have instantly precipitated a general election if they had ventured on such a course. It had to be a Conservative Prime Minister who took down the Red Book—prepared during Harold Wilson's premiership—from the shelves in No. 10 Downing Street, and put the long-unused contingency plan into operation.

This time, however, the traditional incompetence has been less in evidence. The man chosen for the job—William Whitelaw, former Leader of the House of Commons—has spent his initial weeks in Northern Ireland busily disarming his critics in a manner which has shown up with a cruel clarity the amateurishness of much of Northern Ireland politics before him. He has released enough interneers to make an identifiable dent in public opinion, and in the muted Catholic support for the I.R.A.: but he has kept enough inside to ensure that the Protestant and Unionist backlash does not grow to

unmanageable proportions. He has angered the Unionists by refusing to involve the Army in a trial of strength with the I.R.A. that would undoubtedly cost many innocent civilian lives—but the military marksmen are no slower on the trigger than they were before: just the other day, several of them had shot down an obviously unarmed man in a Belfast street, pumping bullets at random into his body, simply because he was on their wanted list as an I.R.A. man. So far, Whitelaw's footwork is as immaculate as Cassius Clay's: the only question is whether he can keep it up indefinitely, or at least until the overall temperature has been reduced to manageable proportions. He has a limited time in which to act.

Why did Stormont go? There seems to be one basic reason. Heath is a pragmatic man, who appoints members of his Government to get results. Brian Faulkner was less Prime Minister of Northern Ireland than Edward Heath's man in charge of a troublesome province. For as long as he seemed to be keeping his head above water, he was to be kept on the strength. If, on the other hand, his touch faltered, he was dispensable. The turning point seems to have been internment, reluctantly agreed to by Heath, but only on condition that it "worked". It did not work, and Heath was left with the ruins of an administration in Northern Ireland and some 650 men locked up without ever having been before a court. The withdrawal of the Opposition M.P.'s from the Stormont Parliament may not have meant a great deal in Ireland, where abstentionist politics have been part of the national life since 1918—but to the stolid British democratic soul of Edward Heath it meant that the situation had got out of control, and that something had to be done about it. The only problem was the timing: for weeks the Government dithered, certain about what they had to do but uncertain about when they should do it. Then came Derry, and after that the days of the Stormont administration were numbered. The final scenario, played out against a backcloth of dramatic midnight flights to London, was Gilbert and Sullivan rather than Coriolanus.

The reaction to the end of Stormont—officially it has been prorogued for a year, but few people believe that it will return in anything like its original form—was surprisingly muted. There was a massive two-day strike by Unionists against the British Government's action, which

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paralyzed the North and, by doing so, showed more clearly than anything else the existence of massive and successful discrimination. This strike was called and led by Mr. William Craig's Fascist-type Vanguard movement, but this is not necessarily to say that Vanguard leads and directs the Unionist masses. Some time later Vanguard called for a second two-day strike to show their continuing opposition to British policies, but this time were told in no uncertain terms, by the representatives of the Protestant working class, that they were not willing to forego two more days' pay, however big the issue involved. Vanguard, in fact, seems to have been a useful catalyst for the first few days of direct rule, channeling the massive frustration of the Protestant workers away from mob violence. In the succeeding period of confusion and dispiritedness, their leadership role seems to have been severely qualified.

The Northern Republicans are on the whole glad that Stormont has gone. It was the linch-pin of Unionist and more specifically of Orange power for half a century, and any lingering sympathy for it on the grounds that it was at least an Irish institution must have been swallowed up long ago by the knowledge that it was essentially irreformable. The abolition of Stormont, however, carries another risk, the risk that Whitelaw may do his job so skillfully and so well that he will put the whole question of Irish unity on the shelf almost permanently. This is what has been responsible for the decision by the Chief of Staff of the Provisional I.R.A., Sean Mac Stiofain, living more or less untouched in the Republic, to carry on operations in the North at the same level of intensity. The pressure must be kept up, he reasons, if Britain is to be persuaded to settle the Irish question once and for all.

It is probably not fanciful to say that a united Ireland is being looked at realistically by the British Government as a possible solution to the problem. One of the main obstacles to this at the moment, from the British point of view, is not the Northern Unionist but the southern Government. Like the Northern Unionist, the British Government believes that there are many aspects of life in the South which are far from perfect—particularly the degree of influence which the Catholic church has, or is supposed to have, over the country's constitution and laws (there is a constitutional ban on the enactment of divorce legislation, and both the sale of contraceptives and certain kinds of interdenominational adoption, for example, are forbidden by law). Whatever the truth of this allegation (which is not a million miles wide of the mark, although the real situation is in fact more complex), the psychological reality is palpable enough: if there is to be a united Ireland as a solution to the Irish question, such a step must be intellectually respectable both for the British Government, which is basically uninterested in the Irish anyway, and for the Northern Unionist, who, although still hostile to the idea

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of a united Ireland in the present circumstances, is beginning to react to the suggestion in a slightly less Pavlovian way than heretofore.

The Southern government's reaction to the new situation has been distressingly slow. An all-party committee has just been set up, after considerable pressure from the Opposition, to examine the likely consequences of a united Ireland, but even within this committee there is a tension between the Government members, who tend to view legal and constitutional change as something to be used in bargaining with the Northern Unionists, and the Opposition members, who insist, with varying degrees of conviction, that we need change now, in order to show our good will, and should not wait for the unity negotiations to begin. This dilatoriness has not encouraged the Northern Unionist: nor has he been reassured by reports of court cases in which the Government has repeatedly failed to secure convictions against people whose involvement with the I.R.A. is all but a matter

of public record. In some cases juries have refused to convict: in others, the state's evidence simply has not come up to scratch. The overall effect, however, is to convince the Northern Unionist that it is the judiciary which is at fault, and to persuade him that justice in a united Ireland would be a matter of party politics.

Once the Government's concern with the Common Market has evaporated, however, it is possible that action on this and other fronts will be intensified. The British Government's proposal to hold a referendum in Northern Ireland on the question of the Border in the near future, for one thing, imposes on the Dublin Government an obvious obligation to make a clear and unambiguous statement about the kind of united Ireland they would like to see brought into existence by the combined efforts of all its people. If it has done nothing else, the British Government's action in suspending Stormont has, after half a century of more or less sterile anti-partitionism, forced the politicians to re-examine the realities of the situation they live in. Now, above all, is the time for practical initiatives to fill the political vacuum left by the disappearance of Stormont. It could give the Dail the opportunity to prove its claim to be the Irish parliament.



BYRON VAZAKAS

PRAISE BE, CHARTRES

The slow train from Gare Montparnasse moves on, stuffed with its peasants jabbering patois among their bundles and their baskets stocked with bread and cheese and thin vin ordinaire. One hour from Paris on the dusty square of Chartres, I sidestep tourist cameras, and stroll alone to get the feel of things. It is as if I am afraid to look, to see beyond each bistro, or to glance above drab dwellings like one's peace of mind. For there it looms above the treetops where cathedral spires sky-write a Domsday Book as dominating as the fear of death. For this is the Last Judgment in a work of art, the Power and the Glory in the place of Guilt. How could this arching alp be less than monolithic as the truth? What great bird rests upon the plains of Beauce, and preens its stained-glass plumage in the dusk of stone-branched Gothic forests, on and on? Blue Virgin with the Byzantine strict stare, what opaque reason needs to see beyond color transcending meaning in the mind? The pilgrim rests. He need not look for more.



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BOOKS

The myth and the man of '1984'

The World of George Orwell

MIRIAM GROSS, ED.

Simon & Schuster, \$12.95

George Orwell

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Viking, \$4.95

JEFFREY MEYERS

The dominant pattern in Orwell's life is a series of masochistic impulses for a higher cause that testifies to his compulsive need to assuage his intense guilt by self-punishment: at St. Cyprian's; in the Burmese police; among scullions and beggars; in squalid doss houses and inside mines; with the ragged, weaponless armies of the Spanish Republic; in propagandistic drudgery for the wartime BBC; in thankless and exhausting political polemics; and finally in that mad and suicidal sojourn amidst the bleak and isolated wastes of Jura. In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, Orwell states that he was "haunted by a sense of guilt" which was political and derived from his experience as a colonial oppressor. But the real cause of this guilt, which he could never extinguish, occurred earlier than Orwell suggests. It had its deep roots in his childhood and is revealed most clearly in "Such, Such Were the Joys." Though this masochistic strain existed, Orwell's writing is manifest proof of his ability to transcend this personal guilt by channeling it into effective political thought and action. His own suffering led to a compassion for the suffering of others, to an ethic of responsibility.

The World of George Orwell is a collection of eighteen essays (with many excellent, but some irrelevant, photographs) that discuss the various phases of Orwell's painful career and attempt to see him "both in terms of what he means today and as a man whose achievement very much needs to be set

in the context of his own period." The model for this kind of book is *T. E. Lawrence By His Friends*, and the present volume seems quite weak by comparison. Most of the essays, though agreeably readable in an old-fashioned sort of way, are too short for an extended argument, are freighted with huge chunks of quotation, and lack both originality and intellectual substance. They retail all the familiar anecdotes and clichés about Orwell, and suffer from unnecessary repetition and even contradiction. Was Orwell open or reticent about his personal life? (pp. 130, 170); did his prewar literary earnings average one or three pounds a week? (pp. 130, 144).

The two best essays are the witty and perceptive accounts by Orwell's friends, William Empson (reprinted, without acknowledgement, from the *Listener*), and Malcolm Muggeridge, who once planned to write Orwell's biography but unfortunately never did. Though the emphasis of the book is biographical rather than literary, most of the essayists never knew Orwell. He seems to have been a rather obscure type in Eton and Burma, and the writers on these periods scarcely add to our knowledge. Two of the contributors are unduly puzzled about why Orwell went to Burma instead of to a university (pp. 4, 32), and Mrs. Buddicom categorically states that Eric, who "would have worked so hard to gain an almost-certain scholarship, was forbidden it by his father." Neither writer seems to have read the letter of Orwell's Eton tutor that I published three years ago, which explains that Orwell failed to get a scholarship, could not afford the university without one, and chose Burma as a poor alternative. He himself said of Eton, "I did no work there and learned very little" (p. 16). Orwell's tutor, A. S. F. Gow, is conspicuously absent from the list of contributors, and so are Cyril Con-

nolly, Anthony Powell, Cecil Beaton, and Sir Steven Runciman, all Eton contemporaries and friends, as well as Orwell's second wife and his son Richard.

Virtually nothing is said about his first wife, his last spartan years on Jura, his final illness and his literary influence; but there are some interesting tidbits. Empson reports that when interviewing Indians for the BBC (which paid Hitler royalties throughout the War), Orwell would say, in his formalized Cockney: "The *fack* that you're black and that I'm white, has nudding whatever to do wiv it." Serious readers will be glad to hear that the brief *Animal Farm* is available in a condensed (help you over the stile) *Reader's Digest* version; and that a recent Ukrainian critic thought 1984 was about "the American way of life."

John Wain concludes his important essay by observing that "it is once more the fashion to decry Orwell, as it was in the thirties. Now as then, his truth-telling is dismissed as 'perverse,' and his warnings are shrugged off by what he himself called 'the huge tribe known as the right left people.' Now as then, the most vicious digs at Orwell come from men whose basic intellectual position is totalitarian." This insight prepares us for Raymond Williams, who has already sniped at Orwell in *Culture and Society* and, with petulance and regulated malice, now fires his heavy artillery in the explosive *George Orwell*, whose appearance in a successful series is likely to afford it unmerited influence.

Scholars may be disturbed by Williams' failure to distinguish between Orwell's personal letters and published essays, both snugly encased in the *Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters*, which seems to have absolved Williams from his obligation to consult the several hundred essays and reviews that have been left out of these thoroughly inadequate volumes. But stu-

dents will be astonished to discover an unfamiliar Orwell, a creation of Williams, who "sneers" (like Pope?), suffers "social deformity," has "an obsession with ideology," and "reverts to type"—in short, a "reactionary," a "revisionist" whose "accommodation to capitalism" makes him a kind of Stalin who betrayed the revolution.

In his Purge Trial, Williams thrice claims that Orwell identified 1984 "only with the Soviet system" (pp. 68, 78, 96), but this redundant charge can be answered by Orwell's words as quoted by Williams himself, for Orwell writes that "Communism and Fascism have [lost touch] with the essentials of democracy" (p. 62); and "the perversions to which a centralized economy is liable have already been partly realized in Communism and Fascism" (p. 77). Williams continues his indictment by maintaining that Orwell "was profoundly damaging," that he destroyed the myth of revolution (1917 was not 1848), that he saw the proletariat as stupid animals, and as a result, "Both the consciousness of the workers and the possibilities of authentic revolution are denied." These charges are uncomfortably close to the ancient Stalinist argument that Orwell opposed during the Spanish Civil War: that an attack on Russia is an attack on Socialism, and "objectively" Fascist. But Orwell answered this argument when he said, with profound conviction, that "Nothing has contributed so much to the corruption of the original idea of Socialism as the belief that Russia is a Socialist country and that every act of its rulers must be excused, if not imitated" (p. 70).

Williams also attacks Orwell for prescribing that writers hide "inside the whale" (which is certainly not true), and for his "passivity" which "confused us" (sic) and "cut out the springs of hope." He condemns Orwell for ideologically preparing the way for 1984 (was *that* the purpose of the novel?) because of the way he sees "the masses": his "incomplete humanity" (not Stalin's) "created the conditions for defeat and despair." Napoleon-Williams blames Orwell-Snowball for

all the ills of the world, rejects him in a tantrum of political abuse, and writes on the final page that "Beyond and past him . . . real popular forces have continued to move, and the fight he joined and then despaired of has been renewed, has extended, and has gained new ground." But it is difficult to discover the tangible existence of Williams' deliberately vague "new socialist politics," a kind of stale Ingsoc that may exist only in his own donnish mind, for he speaks of "the profound disillusiones of 1945-1951 and 1964-1970," when the Labor Party was in power.

Malcolm Muggeridge writes that Orwell "loved the past, hated the present and dreaded the future." He may have been disillusioned, pessimistic, confidently grim, but he never gave up the struggle for social democracy. Williams disapproves of Orwell's pessimism and is most eager to argue away his entire achievement, but how many writers—and critics—possessed the kind of "incomplete inhumanity" that compelled Orwell to volunteer to return to the front line with a bullet hole in his throat, or to give up a part of his scarce wartime rations so that "other people," the masses, would have more?

The Culture of Unbelief

ROCCO CAPORALE &
ANTONIO GRUMELLI, Eds.

The University of California Press, \$10

RICHARD P. MCBRIEN

In March, 1969, the First International Symposium on Belief convened in Rome under the sponsorship of the Agnelli Foundation, the University of California at Berkeley, and the Vatican Secretariat for Non-Believers. This volume contains the four position papers which formed the basis of the symposium's discussions (Part I), the formal responses to the papers, prepared prior to the symposium (Part II), the most essential points of the discussions edited from hundreds of pages of transcript (Part III), and three papers which reflect on the principal issues of the symposium, after the

fact (Part IV). There are three appendices, one of which reproduces the address of Pope Paul VI to the participants. It was at this audience, by the way, that Harvey Cox had the Pope bless some souvenir medals—an incident that remains today the most memorable aspect of the whole affair, at least to some outsiders.

Peter Berger served as chairman of the proceedings and also contributes a useful, typically enlightening foreword to the book. He suggests that the symposium represented a kind of ratification of the new interest in the sociology of religion and of the growing conviction among those engaged in this enterprise that a sociology of contemporary religion ought to broaden its scope to deal with the social dynamics of contemporary nonreligious culture. This, as it turned out, was easier said than done, for the principal issue dividing the participants seems to have been whether or not one can really talk about such a thing as "nonbelief" at all. Indeed, Berger acknowledged this to be one of the symposium's several unresolved ambiguities.

The problem of belief and unbelief, once defined in relation to one or another religious faith, is evidently a matter of concern for theologians as well as for sociologists. However, these papers are not adequately representative of the best contemporary theological thought on this question. With the exception of Cox himself, the theology is essentially French and tends toward an older, conservative point of view (e.g., Daniélou and de Lubac). So sparse is the theological presence that one of the editors refers to his co-editor as an ecclesiologist, which clearly he is not. At another point one of the Catholic sociologists refers to himself as a theologian, which clearly he is not.

Some of the most useful theological comments, nevertheless, are delivered in sociologist Robert Bellah's symposium paper and again in a concluding essays reprinted from chapter XV of his *Beyond Belief*. Bellah argues that religion is principally a way of life, an "embodied truth," which can survive

the collapse of dogmatic orthodoxies. Religion is not a matter of "objective-cognitive assertion which might conflict with science, but a symbolic form within which one comes to terms with one's fate" (p. 46). Indeed, the effort to maintain orthodox belief has been primarily an effort to maintain authority rather than faith (a judgment with which Thomas O'Dea later disagreed).

Where does this leave the church? With its same task of taking up the cross but no longer with the burden of providing "the social cement for an imperfect social order." In a non-authoritarian world, Bellah suggests, the church can only be, as it was originally, a voluntary society. Christians will be able to recognize the operation of the Holy Spirit outside the church and join in its action, "criticizing existing values in terms of the standard of common humanity and personal integrity, and insisting that values to which societies are already committed be actualized for all social groups" (p. 52).

Bellah understands, better it seems than some of the theologians present, that religious assertions are imaginative statements about the truth of the totality of human experience, and that the world of everyday reality is a socially and personally constructed world. If one confuses that world with reality itself, then one has become trapped in his own delusions. Every belief assertion is fashioned out of a partial and limited perception of reality. In a real sense (and this is not Bellah's expression) we are all heretics. All of us perceive reality selectively.

The adequacy of such selective perceptions is measured principally by their ability "to transform human experience so that it yields life instead of death" (p. 80). In Bellah's judgment, religion, instead of becoming increasingly peripheral and vestigial, is again moving into the center of our cultural preoccupations. The ultimate questions about the meaning of life are asked as insistently, perhaps more insistently, than ever.

There are other learned and academically solid papers that I have had to

pass over, e.g., Thomas Luckmann's controversial thesis on "Belief, Unbelief, and Religion," wherein he argues forcefully that "unbelief . . . is about to disappear as a social fact" because we can no longer define it as something set over against an institutionalized belief system. As these systems become increasingly privatized, the notion of unbelief becomes progressively unproductive (p. 37). And Talcott Parsons, the most distinguished of the sociological participants, contributes an essay which is often broad-stroked in character but there are several points at which theologians might usefully connect themselves with his thought (e.g., pp. 232-245).

The numerical (and qualitative?) dominance of the sociologists over the theologians is noticeable again and again throughout this book. Too much of the material, particularly the discussions in Part III, is intramural in flavor and will not hold the attention of the nonspecialist reader for very long. Jargon is occasionally free-flowing as in the observation that there exists "an isomorphic relationship between belief and belonging to institutionally recognized religious bodies, with its concomitant requirement of behavioral indicators of apurtenance," which is quickly translated: "to be a believer means not only to believe in but also to be seen as a believer by others" (p. 13). I do not cite this to ridicule the sociologists' several modes of expression. Every science has a right to develop its own vocabulary and literary style. But the buyer also has a right to be warned in advance.

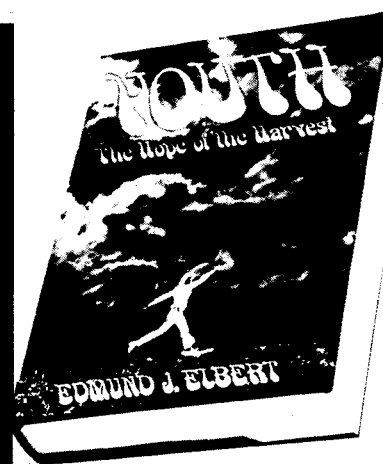


REVIEWERS

JEFFREY MEYERS teaches in the English Department at Tufts University in Massachusetts. His book, *Fiction and the Colonial Experience*, will be published in London this month by Boydell Press.

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN is a member of the theology department at Boston College and the author of *Do We Need the Church?* (Harper & Row).

MICHAEL MURRAY was founder and for twelve years artistic director of the Charles Playhouse in Boston.



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The Party's Over Now

JOHN GRUEN

Viking, \$8.95

MICHAEL MURRAY

The idea that the decade of the 1950's was a madcap era has not yet caught on, to say the least, and few people, either before or after reading this book, will look back on it as much of a "party." True, the pale end of pre-war bohemia was still flickering in Greenwich Village then, and a few pockets of crooked energy were going strong in the midst of the general somnolence. Dylan Thomas, James Jones and others brought fame to the White Horse Tavern, and further east the Cedar Bar attracted crowds because Jackson Pollock went there, as did de Kooning and Rothko and Kline and other big names in the worlds of painting and poetry. Painting had come alive because some very talented people were just hitting their stride and abstract expressionism was a very new and emotional style. Painters were famous: Pollock was featured in *Life* Magazine, and Larry Rivers was even a contestant on "The \$64,000 Challenge."

This book deals with the fifties—not with the work that was accomplished but rather with the way the group of artists around the Cedar lived and behaved—in the bar, at picnics, parties, openings and closings. Unfortunately the significance of it all is fogged by the fact that the author, who was on hand much of the time, looks back at this period as though it were the 20's and he himself were Scott Fitzgerald, and meanwhile the decade in fact slipped right by him.

John Gruen and his wife hit New York in 1949, full of enthusiasm and ambition, she to be a painter, he a composer and art critic. Within moments they gravitated to where the action was, and they were dazzled by it. Finally—and this was Gruen's mistake—they came to regard themselves as an integral part of it. This book is billed as "reminiscences of the Fifties," but it is really the autobiography of John

Gruen, with plentiful details about his parents, schooling, wife, employers and famous friends.

The problem is that, even though Gruen ended up as a respectable journalist, we care nothing about any of these except the last; and here, alas, the author must admit that he is not very informed. About Pollock he says: "By no stretch of the imagination could we be called friends." About another important painter: "Jane and I did not become great friends with Helen Frankenthaler." About the critic Harold Rosenberg and his wife: "Jane and I never knew them very well . . ." About the poet Frank O'Hara, who was *everybody's* best friend: "While Jane and I adored Frank . . . we were never the object of any intense emotional involvement on his part."

Gruen says of his wife and himself, "We were in our early twenties, an 'attractive couple' . . . We were in demand . . ." What the book inadvertently shows, however, is that the Gruens were desperately, and almost endearingly, trying to crash into the center of bohemian life, and were not having very good luck. An episode with Hans Richter, for whose film *8 X 8* Gruen was supposed to provide a score, is an example:

. . . I worked very closely with Richter on the musical scoring of the film. When I went to see it for the first time, I realized to my horror that Richter had doubled or tripled the tempos of most of my music so that it sounded more like a soundtrack for Donald Duck than the elusively surreal sounds I had originally conceived. Richter later confessed to me that he had done it purposely since he thought it would be more appropriate for the images on the screen . . .

Jane and I played the role of chess pieces . . . Inexplicably, this sequence was cut out of the final print of the film . . .

He takes this with good grace, however, and sails headlong into further putdowns. Speaking of the painter Joan Mitchell, Gruen confesses, "Joan found

me to be lacking in artistic focus. My life was too vague for her." He admits that a drunken Jackson Pollock happened to look at him in the Cedar Bar one day and said, "You don't understand. You have never understood." Concerning his music, he says at another point, "It has now been twenty years since I met Jennie Tourel . . . Miss Tourel has yet to sing a single song of mine." Most dear to a critic's heart might be Gruen's caption for a photograph of Virgil Thomson: "Famed composer and critic Virgil Thomson, photographed in Potsdam, New York, in 1960, on the occasion of the world premiere of Thomson's *Mass*, which I reviewed for *Musical America*." This is about as close as he got to anything.

In an attempt to fill the gaping holes in his record, Mr. Gruen has pumped in some recently taped interviews with famous people who were active during this time. They are an uneven lot—some of the subjects, like Virgil Thomson, are clearly bored by the whole thing and some, like Jack Gelber and the late William Flanagan, are sharp and informative. But the interviews appear at random and they are out of place in this book in any case, because the author has found no way to incorporate them into what turns out to be his big scheme—the story of his own life. One even gets the impression that he subconsciously resents these other voices barging in, and he leaves the interviews unedited and undigested, a heap of names and dates that mean nothing.

Buried amongst those names and dates is many an interesting story. We would like to know more, for example, about the work itself and what it was that held this group together, and indeed if the Fifties were really a coherent entity in the history of art. On a more personal level, we might be curious about the fact that this was perhaps the last generation of artists who could look back on the consumption of large quantities of alcohol as a decisive factor in their lives—as a cause of sporadic energy and productivity or, more often, of disintegration and death. It has been one of the strongest traditions among American artists of any type to try to

protect themselves or unleash themselves with booze, and certainly many talented people at the Cedar, the White Horse and elsewhere at this time were no exception.

Gruen does not understand the booze phenomenon, but it was a big part of this story. The best interview in the book is with Elaine de Kooning, who was there, did know everyone, and understood it all. Some of her remarks tell us how the party of Mr. Gruen's title stopped:

Then one night the word went around that Jackson Pollock was killed in a car accident. Everyone was stunned. Even when we heard that he was cold sober at the time, everyone still connected the death with drinking—if in a reverse way: It wouldn't have happened if he hadn't been sober was the sentiment. Booze was the talisman. . . .

This is the kind of insight we are interested in, and it is frustrating, throughout the book, to have John Gruen dancing up and down in the foreground while we are trying to get a glimpse of the important things going on behind him.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 299)

tinues to insist that blacks will learn better only when they are mixed with whites but that whites can learn in either situation. Such a contention also ignores the achievements of blacks both as educators and as students against great handicaps, in the South prior to desegregation and the accomplishments of such ventures as Harlem Prep.

I believe the problem lies in the outdated educational systems that prevail in the central cities which have failed to adjust to the changing school populations. These systems are peopled by school board members, administrators and teachers who fail to understand, to respect, and to respond (except negatively) to the emerging new consciousness of the young blacks and Puerto Ricans that are the majority in most

urban school districts. The urban educational systems need a restructuring that will make them more responsive to these new populations; and they need administrators and teachers who are capable of directing the pride and spirit which flows from this new consciousness toward educational and other constructive ends.

Busing then is a false issue which turns our attention from the locus of the problem which is the entire urban educational structure as it currently exists. Quality education for the urban child will not be attained through busing him to suburbia. It will be attained when and if this structure is revamped to serve him and not the vested interests of those who dominate American society.

EDWARD J. REGAN

Reply

New York, N.Y.

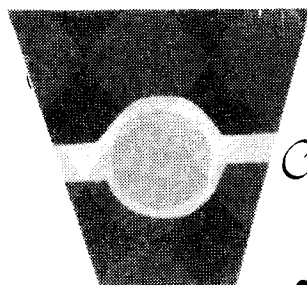
To the Editors: At no point in my article do I suggest that because "busing has been an American tradition since

1869," busing is the solution to the current school crisis. Busing is, as Mr. Regan writes, "a false issue," and in giving its history I have implicitly and explicitly sought to show this fact.

Mr. Regan's letter raises the kinds of issues which I think are important. The danger of the busing question as it has been popularly stated is that it causes us to lose sight of *both* the thoughtful opposition to busing—by for example the National Black Political Convention—and the arguments for its overall aims.

It is indeed racist, as Mr. Regan observes, to think that blacks can only learn with whites and whites can learn anywhere. But neither I nor the *Commonweal* editorial suggest this. What can be stated, as the data from the Coleman Report shows, is that when poor children are placed with middle-class children in a middle-class learning situation, their learning improves. Whether the middle-class children are black or white makes no difference.

But what has happened, as we all



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know, is that in many areas of the North and South middle-class children (mostly white) and poor children (large numbers of whom are nonwhite) have been artificially separated from each other, and the positive benefits of their going to school together have been lost. Busing is one of the most important tools for remedying this situation.

Black schools, such as Harlem Prep, have clearly proved that within the black community quality education can be achieved. But Harlem Prep, with its

foundation grants, its intensely dedicated staff, its close faculty-student ratio, is a unique institution, not one the public school system seems likely to produce with any consistency in the near future. It would be terrible not to try for more Harlem Preps and a restructuring of the urban school system. But it would be just as terrible to think this means abandoning the struggle for integrated education, which in many cases will require busing.

President Nixon's new education bill,

with its notoriously inadequate funding, is ample proof of how those in Washington who favor "quality urban education" are willing to let it go down the drain when the costs get serious.

NICOLAUS MILLS

Conspiracies

Harrisburg, Pa.

To the Editors: First, let me thank you for your editorial on Harrisburg [Apr. 14]. I write to you from a farm outside Harrisburg where I am writing a brief for the defendant Ted Glick, appealing his conviction in Rochester in November, 1970. So it takes this long to obtain justice for him in that case, and he has not yet been tried for his alleged participation in the non-conspiracy tried here to such fanfare in Harrisburg.

Your editorial was good and balanced and foresighted. I am taking it to the Dauphin County Prison with me to show to Philip Berrigan. We concelebrated the Eucharist yesterday, and he is in fine form and humor. It seems an obscenity, though, to see him in prison, and know that Boyd Douglas is being *kept* by our federal law enforcement officers like some spoiled prima donna for his role in the whole wretched prosecution case.

Phil spoke yesterday of reflecting on the courtroom experience during our eleven weeks here in Harrisburg; he spoke of being struck with Jim Douglass' comments on Gandhi's notion of being active yet detached, and the difficulty of watching that whole unguided missile launched by the Government while sitting silently in court. But in the end twelve plain people from the middle district of Pennsylvania couldn't agree that the defendants were either guilty of conspiracy or not guilty of it—and this unanimously, so in the end the defendants were protected by the phenomenon of the hung jury to which they have as much of a right in our schema of trial by jury, as did, Lt. Calley have a right to a unanimous verdict of guilty in his trial for his participation in the slayings at Mylai. For which by the way I have never seen a single word in print or

What It's All About

OUR OWN REACTION to the bad news from Laos is gloomy too, but gloomy in a different way and perhaps for different reasons. While we do not underestimate the significance of any country's falling under Communist control, we have never been convinced that a nation falls under such control like a domino, because of some sudden external pressure. To think so is to misunderstand what the unrest in Asia and Africa and elsewhere is all about, which is hunger, misery, ignorance and corruption, the fires of nationalism and racism, and the resultant upheavals when these conditions are combined with post-colonial dislocations and cold-war Communist and anti-Communist pressures.

Much of the talk about our "allies" in Southeast Asia is thus sheer rhetoric, applied ritualistically to corrupt and crumbling reactionary regimes which in the minds of their subjects stand chiefly for privilege and exploitation of the poor and have no connection with the "West" or "democracy" beyond a paper treaty or an agreement to accept aid. . . .

—Commonweal, May 25, 1962

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heard one on TV or radio by any of the media asking why we as taxpayers should have suffered the enormous expense of five separate trials of Calley, Medina, Henderson, Hutto, et al. when they might all have been tried together in one trial as the "Mylai Five" for their respective or corporate roles in the events growing out of that single occurrence in one village, during several hours of time, by members of the same army, division, battalion, and company.

Article 81 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice of course (I used to try and defend courts martial in the Army) is a straight conspiracy article, such as the law under which Doctor Spock and his friends were tried, and David Delinger and his friends, and Philip Berigan and his friends. Why not then try the "Mylai Five" for a dual purpose conspiracy: 1) to perpetrate, and/or 2) to attempt to conceal the slayings at Mylai?

Unless we are willing to face to bold and harsh realities of our uneven-handedness of justice, we must say that such a charge was overlooked. Was it used in one case because it is supposedly so easy to convict, and not in the other case for the very same reason? As a lawyer who also teaches law, I hope we do away with the conspiracy law altogether because the Government has shown not the least delicacy or fairness in using it, and if Congress will act to take it away, then there will be some slight check on the abuses of the prosecutorial discretion by the executive branch of government.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, S.J.

Father Cunningham was one of the lawyers for the defense at Harrisburg.



Michael Novak (Cont.)

"changing history." They *are* that.

But act and energy are *also* developmental, organic, interior, altering not only the world outside but also and chiefly the self. It is a powerful "act" to regard a Tintoretto for hours, without moving; or to be absorbed by a view from the mountains; or to con-

centrate one's attention and will in a single, wordless "Yes" or "No"; or to watch one's children at play; or to work with hammer and saw on projects around one's home.

That is to say, the highest, primary forms of action are not only those the modern West is quickest to value. There are powerful forms of action we are slower to value, although even now they furnish some of the most frequent (and delightful) moments of our lives.

God, whom we do not see and cannot speak of, is known to us through the best things we observe around us. Many of these we need special encouragement to notice and to value, for our culture is not remarkably humanistic in its tutoring. Our culture is hostile to humans, and hence to satisfactory images of God.

Valuing abandonment into God's will, valuing silence, valuing gentleness, we value what used to be thought of in the images of the feminine. Such things are desperately needed by men, if they are to be whole. Women, too, aspire to all the possibilities of the universe, so that they may be whole.

And we are entitled to think of God as *both* "masculine" and "feminine." Not only that, given the masculine biases of our own culture, we need to give our imaginations impulse into unfamiliar areas. The Christian God is neither feminine nor masculine. He contains in himself the principle of all things: including the masculine and the feminine.

And for this reason, we should perhaps think of "God the Father" not literally as male, but rather as the "generator," the parent, father-mother, bringing forth her son. Thinking of God as Earth, as Earth bearing forth a Son, is an ancient way of guiding the intelligence accurately: the Source of all things gives birth.

The imagery of Spirit, too, is feminine: Dove, Paraclete, Consoler, Breath, Water—and perhaps even Fire.

The point is, the human animal is whole only if it develops both the qualities thought of as "feminine" and those thought of as "masculine." Each of us, perhaps, needs to lean against

our own tendencies.

And the image of God, when it is what it ought to be, is an image of human diversity and wholeness. We need to work harder, in our day, to overcome the heavy masculine sensibility both of our culture and of our religion. Women are often caught, then, in a double struggle: forcing themselves to be bold and decisive in their personal development, finding suitable "feminine" images for God. Men, in a reverse way, share the same struggle. To be whole, we all need help.

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